

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Trail

By JANE M'LEAN.
Curving along half hid with underbrush
And drooping trees and all the whispering rush
Of fallen leaves that crackle lonesomely
The trail leads on, up and away, and he
Who takes it must have done with all the care
Of wayward storm-tossed life, for only bare
Gaunt trees are friendly here; it is the place
The gods have set apart, and that no trace
Of worldliness may mar it, all the Fall
The dry brown leaves drop slowly in a pall.

The trail hugs close against a forest pool,
Where slippery moss slides velvet close and cool,
Up to the water's edge, and should perchance
A stone slip out and make the waters dance.
A partridge covey startled, whirled away
Into the air, no sun-thrilled light of day
Can enter here; only the dusky vale
Of sleep-drenched silence; but there is the trail.
That winds away, perchance you wonder where;
No man who takes it ever seems to care.

Cowardice in Petticoats

The Many Feminine Privileges of Which
Women Unworthily Take Advantage.

By DOROTHY DIX.

We hear a great deal about the privileges of women, which the anti-suffragists mournfully inform us, will be forfeited when women get the ballot. So far as I have been able to ascertain, these special privileges of women include nothing except the right to be pretty nearly everything that is most despicable in a human being.

There are those who consider that because a woman is a woman she has the privilege of being a liar and a cheat, a grafter and a parasite, and still to maintain her position in decent society. There are even women who hold to this theory and who capitalize this low view of their sex.

They trade on being women, and are thus immune, to a certain degree, from the punishment that a man would receive if he acted as they do. They do not fight in the open. They carry on a secret guerrilla warfare, hiding from attack behind their skirts.

There is the cowardice of petticoats, than which there is nothing more contemptible in the world, because it takes advantage of what is noblest and most generous in man.

Consider, if you please, what we call woman's privilege of changing her mind. Does that, in plain terms, mean anything more or less than an utter lack of truth, and honor, and reliability? The proudest boast of a man is that his word is as good as his bond; and among gentlemen, a gentleman's agreement is held far more morally binding than any signed contract.

But how many women do you know whose word is worth a hen's pin? A woman will give you her solemn promise to do thus and so, and the next minute she will utterly repudiate it. If you make a contract with a woman, you want it iron bound and copper riveted, and then, like as not, if something better offers, she will regard it merely as a scrap of paper, and consider you a cruel brute if you expect her to live up to her agreement.

"Oh, I've got a right to change my mind. That's a woman's privilege," the woman will plead, in self extension. But she knows better. She knows she is doing a dishonorable thing. She's taking advantage of her sex to be a wheeler-dealer, who will walk deliberately to the head of the line and push her way in and get waited upon before anybody else.

Stand in line to buy tickets at any theater window, or at a railroad ticket when there is a rush, and there will invariably be two or three women, generally finely dressed, impatient looking women, who will walk deliberately to the head of the line and push their way in and get waited upon before anybody else.

They are perfectly well aware that they are trespassing on the rights of other people and taking an unfair advantage of everyone else, but they are also aware that they can get away with it by virtue of their sex and their good clothes, and they do it.

After women have gone out into the world and wrestled with it for their own living, they learn to be human beings as well as women, and then they begin to show some consideration for other people. But for colossal, adamant self-interest, and pigheadedness, the average well-to-do society woman is Exhibit A!

It's the cowardice of petticoats that makes so many women take advantage of their sex to cheat their employers. In his soul, every man who has the least spark of chivalry in his nature is sorry for the women who have to earn their own living. He doesn't want to be hard on his women employees, and they take advantage of this to be a little late in coming to work of a morning, to lay off for trivial ailments, and so give him just as poor work as he will put up with.

Not long ago a young girl who was dismissed from an office because of her incompetency made this naive comment on the situation:

"Why didn't Mr. Blank tell me I would have to do my work better? I can do as good work as anybody when I try, but I thought he'd stand for the way I was doing."

Plenty of women take this same view of the situation.

But the worst illustration of the cowardice of petticoats is exhibited in the family circle, where the wife, knowing that her husband cannot beat her, no matter how much he would like to, or how much she deserves it, uses the knowledge that his hands are tied to tyrannize over him and make a slave of him.

We all know women who keep their husbands poor and worked to death by their extravagance with which their husbands are unable to cope because every time he suggests economy the wife goes into hysterics, and to stop her flood of tears and reproaches he lets her buy whatever she wants.

We know other women who keep their husbands terrorized by their tempers, because no man can say to a woman the things she feels privileged to say to him.

We know other men who never have a decent meal at home, because their wives are lazy, but while the world condones a woman who gets a divorce from the husband who doesn't support her, bad housekeeping doesn't justify a man in the eyes of the law for leaving his wife, although it should.

All these women are shining examples of the cowardice of petticoats. They play up the privilege of being a woman, and if, indeed, suffrage takes this privilege away from them and forces upon them a sense of responsibility it will justify votes for women, even if it brings no other reform.

I Know a Girl There!

No. 1
DENVER

By NELL BRINKLEY
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Sitting across the lunchtable from me a college boy asked me if I had thought of how versed the chap of 19 or 20 was in geography. "Do you know—did you ever think how the map of the United States looks to him? Why, over its yellow and red and green and blue expanse—out of the states lift girls' faces. And by that he knows his towns.

"All his little-boy geography has gone the way of the great white things he knew once upon a time—where the pee-wee built its nest, and how many baby owls there were in the 'hush-wings' tree, and the glorious black and white facts in the history of his country—all to the limbo of the big wisdoms! Now he meets a chap and shakes his hand, and says, 'Oh, are you from Um-hum? O, I know a girl there!'

"He knows no more what is the capital of the big yellow western state where the cactus lifts toward the burning blue sky. Until he remembers that he knows a girl there. He never remembered that big fine town with the clan sun-washed streets, or the dirty one

that he loved in spite of its grey hue; was in that state—but he knows a girl there!

Each town he knows is a girl's face, lifting into his memory, smiling, or wistful, dusky or blonde, jolly or sober, sun-touched or hotheaded. He knows a girl there!

Denver-town. A girl with amber hair, a magnet for the sun; lips as red as the Indian-Paint-Brush flower; the skin that keeps its whiteness save for a tiny dust of childish freckles; the girl with the eyes so often colored with the changeful hue of the great blue wall of mountains that fill the horizon west of her, the mountains that are sometimes blue and sometimes rain-gray—sometimes lilac and sometimes almost gold; the girl with the swing to her steps and the lift of chin that comes with looking over open country; the girl with a mind and a heart and face alert and sprightly. The girl who matches the land of lovely lands; the land of frail coloring and mounting hills and a sky as blue as blue!

Forgive me for putting the girl of my home town first!
—NELL BRINKLEY.

Human Rivets of Universe

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)
"For what purpose do we come into life, and why do we leave it?" is the somewhat curious query propounded by an analytical reader.

My own personal conclusions on this subject, supported by somewhat serious studies in the same direction, under wise instructors, lead me to the belief that we come into this world at the call of the Great Universal Power back of all things, to complete ourselves—important parts of the Universe of God.

In a mighty machine there are a number of little bolts and rivets, and seemingly insignificant pieces, but all are needed to make the whole perfect thing.

Precisely so, each individual is needed to make this wonderful piece of mechanism—the universe.

But as the universe is greater than a machine, so a man is greater than a piece of wood or iron. He is the expression of the power that created him, and his purpose in life is to reflect his Maker.

We came into each incarnation to perfect ourselves and to reveal more and more of the divine until we are completed—and "one with God." We come here to better the world for those who follow us.

We leave this world to go on in other realms and learn other lessons. This world is but one of the "many mansions" of the Creator.

There are realms upon realms and zones around zones and worlds beyond number in the millions of miles of space beyond the earth. It will require millions and billions of years for the soul of man to see and hear and know the wonders of the universe.

But to each soul, earnest enough and faithful enough and loving enough to desire these experiences, they will come.

Sorrow, pain, trouble, well borne, and toil and hardship, endured with faith and cheerfulness, are all steps toward the higher experiences awaiting us when we leave this body.

Idleness, selfishness, pleasure enjoyed at the expense of others, mean the dwarfing of the soul and the retarding of its progress. There are knowledge, glory and happiness waiting for those who climb through this world on the stairs of love and unselfish toil.

It does not matter what you believe, or what your creed, or your mode of worship—if you love and believe in the Power back of the universe and love your fellowmen and work for the good of all, you are fulfilling the "purpose" of this life.

No matter if you are a Croesus and an emperor of power, if you are not doing these things you are violating the law of life, and must pay the penalty. If you are an errand boy or a servant girl, and you are living up to the highest ideal of duty and love, then you are greater than the king or queen who lives in indolence and selfishness.

We come into this world to better it and to perfect ourselves to such degree as we may in this one short incarnation.

We go out of this world to use the lessons we have learned in it for a wider knowledge beyond, and to advance or to begin over, as we have chosen while here.

Do You Know That

Pears found in mummy cases have been planted recently and found to grow.

Twenty-three operations are necessary in the washing and ironing of a collar.

If a man falls into the water and splashes, a shark will wait until he finishes splashing before trying to eat him.

When a Chinaman desires to marry, his parents intimate that fact to the professional "matchmaker," who thereupon runs through the list of her visiting acquaintances, and selects one whom she considers a fitting bride for the young man.

Even Cross, Sick Children Love Syrup of Figs

Look at tongue! If feverish, bilious, constipated, take no chances.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Don't scold your fretful, peevish child. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with sour waste.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomachache, indigestion, diarrhoea, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul waste, the sour bile and fermenting food passes out of the bowels and you have a well and playful child again. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative," and mothers can rest easy after giving it, because it never fails to make their little "innies" clean and sweet.

Keep it handy, Mother! A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Remember there are counterfeiters sold here, so surely look and see that yours is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Why We Quarreled---The Man's Side

No. 1—The Husband with the Unmethodical Wife Tells His Story.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

My wife and I quarreled over her lack of system and of business-like habits. Being a man, and a business man, I must be exact and prompt. My wife has never learned that the world will not wait her convenience, nor that figures and facts cannot be moulded to suit her whims.

I love her dearly. She is a lovely and lovable creature—dainty, pretty, affectionate. Yet she cannot understand how much her faults annoy me.

She was not on time on the day of our marriage. I reached the church with my best man five minutes before the hour set for the ceremony. Twenty minutes later my bride and her attendants arrived.

"What detained you?" I asked hurriedly.
"Oh, nothing in particular," she murmured. "There was no need of being exactly on time. A prompt wedding is unlucky," she added with her sweet smile.

Of course, I smiled back. Later the maid of honor told me that she and the other girls had had "fits of nervousness" over Margaret's tardiness.

"But Midge wasn't disturbed, not a bit," she said. "It is wonderful to have such a disposition. She won't worry over little things."

Perhaps such a disposition is wonderful for its possessor, but it is maddening for a husband. Even on our wedding trip I lost my temper with my wife as she loitered over her dressing for some dinner to which we had been invited.

"You make too much of trifles," she

would chide when I glanced at my watch and told her to hurry a little.

"But," I would sometimes remand her, "our hostess' dinner hour is 7:30. It is now 7:25, and we have at least 15 minutes' drive ahead of us."

"But dinner doesn't start on schedule time like a train," she would say jestingly. "Perhaps the cook will be glad of a few minutes' grace."

Of course she has the same happy faculty of overlooking other people's unpunctuality. I have never seen her annoyed because one of her guests has been late.

"Everybody is late sometime," she will remark by way of excuse.

"Everybody should not be!" I always retort. But she only shrugs her shoulders good-naturedly, and lets my remark pass unheeded.

As to money matters, she is simply incorrigible. I do not mean that she is extravagant; she is only inconsequent. If I tell her that she must not pay more than a certain price for a thing, she will not pay more than that. Instead, she will often dispense entirely with the thing and will take the money set aside for it and purchase with it several other objects she happens to take a fancy to.

"How can I be businesslike and systematic about money?" she argued once when I reproved her. "I have never had a bank account of my own."

"You shall have one," I promised her. Here now was the chance to teach her the value of money.

"It will put a sum in the bank to your account, and you can pay for everything by check. Would you like that?"

"I would love it!" she replied, delighted. "Let's start in soon, shall we?"

Three days later I brought home her check books, and showed her how to use them.

"What a nuisance," she observed, "to make a memorandum on each stub of every cent spent. Anybody with any brains ought to be able to remember just about what she paid to certain people."

I explained that to know "just about" what one paid would not do, and that she must keep track of every cent she drew.

"It is the simplest thing in the world," I told her. "If you will only be exact about your checks and stubs."

A month later she came to me in distress. In her hand was a letter from the bank, notifying her that she had overdrawn her account.

"I can't see how it happened," she complained. "I'm sure I haven't begun to use up all the money you put there. And I've put down on the stubs every check I made out."

I asked to be allowed to see her check book. She had entered the amount of every check drawn, but had failed in most instances to add up the amounts of the checks and to deduct them from the balance brought forward. The result can well be imagined.

I straightened the matter out for her, deposited in the bank a sum to make up the deficit, and we started out afresh.

She still has a bank account, but I am the only one who must keep it correct, and must see regularly that her check books agree with her bank book.

"Such nonsense!" she exclaims fretfully when I tell her that she should watch me do this.

"It bores me to distraction, and I am tired of it. I wish you would let me give up this bank mess and you just hand me out the money that I need, as I need it."

"No, not for women like me," I spoke sharply.

"I was a—"

"Since it does not bore you to spend the money I earn you might at least train yourself to keep track of what you spend," I declared.

"She cried, of course, and I felt like a heartless brute."

Such scenes have become frequent between us. The worst of it is that they do no good.

"I shall we always quarrel, I wonder, over such sordid matters? Will my wife, who has the heart of a woman, always have the inconsequence of a child?"

In-Shoots

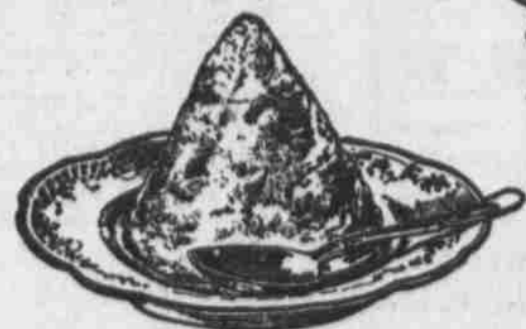
Many men find it difficult to live up to the reputation acquired by making one chance hit.

In the case of some persons memory seems to be the cheapest kind of a junk shop.

An affinity with the letter-writing habit is more dangerous than a can of nitro-glycerine.

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